

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## Sights of London.

THE DIORAMA—RUINS IN A FOG.



THE subject of the above engraving is a novel illustration for our pages; as the fine old ruin is merely an imaginative design, and does not represent a real object; nevertheless, we are assured our engraving will have many admirers, as it is a faithful copy of one of the magnificent views now exhibiting at *The Diorama*.

This fine picture represents a Gothic Gallery falling to decay, situate at the extremity of a narrow valley, beneath barren mountains. All is sombre, desolate, and mournful; the long-drawn aisles, at a first glance, are alone perceived, for a thick fog reigns without, and such is the illusion of the scene, that you actually fancy yourself chilled by the cold and damp air. By degrees, however, the fog disperses, and through the vast arches are plainly discovered the forests of pine and larch-trees that cover the valley. The magic of this effect of light is indeed most

extraordinary, and the illusion is complete and enchanting. The execution of this picture reflects the highest honour on Mr. Daguerres, the artist, whose talents have been frequently exercised on other subjects which have been exhibited at *The Diorama*, but with none of which have we been more interested, than the present specimen, which entitles Mr. Daguerres to be ranked as one of the most distinguished painters that ever lived.

Another picture, painted by Mr. Bouton, is exhibited with the *Ruins in a Fog*: it is a *View of St. Cloud and Environs of Paris*, and the eye wanders over a rich landscape, which embraces in extent about forty miles of the country adjacent to the French metropolis. At our feet runs a road, which looks arid and dusty, by the side of which lies a man sleeping, which is life itself; this portion of the picture is executed in the most

masterly style. Beyond the bridge thrown over the Seine rise the fine chateau and eminences of St. Cloud, and the Lantern of Demosthenes, which, when illuminated, used to announce to the Parisians, that Napoleon had deserted their city for the palace of St. Cloud. Mount Valerian, the vineyards of Argenteuil, the mills of Sanno, the steeple of St. Denis, may be recognized, and to the extreme right is Paris, the numerous edifices of which may be easily distinguished. In a work of such magnitude, and possessing so many claims to admiration, it is impossible to carry on a description which, at best, can but convey a feeble idea of this magnificent picture to our reader. We shall then desist from further detail, especially as the major part of our friends will doubtless take an opportunity of visiting the Diorama, and passing, as we have done, an agreeable hour in viewing this highly interesting exhibition.

### An Artist's Album;

OR,

#### SKETCHES of MEN and THINGS.

##### THE OLD HOUSE.

Spirit of Hope! thy voice is dear, as Love's own silvery tone,  
Like that it breathes of joy, but leaves the heart to break alone:  
Spirit of Memory! tho' thy bliss beguiles us of a sigh,  
'Tis less bewildering and sad, than that which these supply!

MS. Poem.

How deliciously, yet how sadly, how like a tender and soul-stirring dream, come wandering at seasons over the mind, those scenes, and things, and persons, that delighted us in our childhood, that made the first impressions on our innocent and peaceful souls, and from which we may perchance date the origin—the awakening, at least—of all our future impulses of feeling, taste, and sentiment! I am no metaphysician to unravel the mysteries of *mind*, and to assert with confidence that the child is the embryo of the man; if it were so,—why is the adult too frequently as different as darkness and light, from his promise as a juvenile? But I may with confidence assert of myself, that I should probably never have possessed an unbounded taste for all objects of nature and art, had I not been early led to admire them by my uncle, the virtuoso; and to his excellent library, of which I had in very early days the range. I fancy myself also indebted for the seeds of poetry and romance, which now, overpowering every mental faculty, are almost

a misfortune to me rather than a blessing, since they render real sober life, rapid, dreary, and annoying. In brief, I met in the virtuoso's library with Cervante's inimitable satire, which I then believed an authentic history, and Sir Walter Scott's beautiful poetry; and these gave me a decided bias towards antiquity, and all reminiscences and records of princely chivalry; at that period I led a charmed existence,—to my enchanted gaze every gentleman was a knight—every lady a disguised princess,—and as I looked for castles in every house, I did, to my ineffable satisfaction, indeed find one, in the Old House belonging to my great uncle, the colonel; for this having been decorated, under the tasteful eye of the virtuoso, in the Gothic style, coincided pretty well with my beau-ideal of such structures. Reader! after this long digression, thou art arrived at the Old House; there had I been long before, for these reflections formed but a trifling portion of what were mine, on revisiting it for the first time since mere childhood. How different were my sensations! as I looked over the oaken gallery into the great hall, it appeared now a mere nutshell,—the house too was changed,—every thing was changed; and yet I knew that all I gazed upon retained its place and appearance as minutely as if I had only stepped away one moment and returned. The change, and this I felt, was in my own spirit. Oh! how sad too, and how mysterious it was! I have said I was looking from the gallery into the hall; faint gleams of twilight struggling through the coloured panes of a couple of Saracenic windows, showed murky its black and grotesquely carved oaken wainscot; here hung the armor of some buck that bled, perhaps, centuries ago; there the remnants of armour, worn by some nameless hero, in the iron age; opposite to me, its honest face glaring white through the gloom, was the household; it struck, and forcibly brought to my memory, some exquisite lines of Chauncey Townsend's; for this too,—

“Had still chim'd on, in the interval between,  
While I was wand'ring far away, thro' many a dreary scene:  
Each other voice may alter, but Time's doth still remain  
Unchang'd and stern, as caring not for human joy or pain.”

Beneath it was the fireplace, after the antique fashion,—a plain and capacious stone hearth, with no grate, but an immense aperture for the emission of smoke, and the admission of air. Our ancestors were economical. On its left hand was a short flight of stairs, leading on one side

to an ante-room, which was furnished in the probable fashion of the year *one*; this was an entrance into the best, or great dining-room,—a cheerless apartment,—dark, lofty, and containing choice specimens of furniture in tapestry, damask, and carpet-stitch. A castle is nothing without a ghost, and my wild imagination of course took fright at this truly horrible room; nor was the long passage on the other side the little stairs a whit less terrible; this and the gallery I believed to be haunted, as devoutly as I credited the articles of my Christian faith; nay, with far more probability might the latter have been subjected to such a suspicion, hung round as it was with old black family portraits, resembling of themselves spectres from Hades. These, like so many fiends, were now grinning upon me; deeper and deeper fell the shades of evening; the wild autumnal wind whistled shrill amid the plantations that surrounded the Old House; the branches of many trees groaned and creaked in the furious blast; now a few straggling twigs flapped against the gothic windows, and now a rush of sudden rain swept down their coloured panes. It was an hour for sweet and solemn memories; nor were such slow to visit my musing spirit; it was then that all events of joy and sorrow, and all years that had fled since last my childhood hallowed this spot, seemed crowded into the brief space of a moment; and it was then that I asked myself—“my kinsmen, the companions of my early days, where are they? And this spot that *once* my imagination sanctified, and that *once* I beheld with unmixed delight,—*why* is it not the same?” Oh! the greater part of my cousins, who resided in the Old House, and whose heritage it was, were, as well as the virtuoso, who had so tastefully adorned it, married, and residing far off; my great uncle, the colonel, was with my revered aunt—gone to “the house of all living,”—and only one of all their large family was now at home. As for the mansion itself, it had lost its novelty and *romance*,—it was truly changed; and while I slipped at every step I set on the ploughed gallery, I knew nevertheless that it was no longer a *castle*; the illusions of my childhood were dissipated, and I had unhappily become clear-sighted to *realities*. There was but one thing that remained as mysterious and romantic as ever—the great dining-room;—yes, and another—the long passage;—and I would not even now have ventured alone into the one, or down the other at midnight; for superstition, when early gaining ascendancy over the mind, defies reason to annul her sway,

and seldom, if ever, relinquishes her power; nay, even as I stood, I almost expected to see the shade of my portly and turbulent great uncle appear at the stair-head from the long passage, or from his former dormitory, near me, in the oaken gallery; and to hear that of my revered aunt screaming forth, according to custom, her domestic commands and threats in every corner of the Old House.

But now were my ruminations, reminiscences, and reveries broken, by a servant lighting the hall-lamp; that identical lamp, which had gleamed on my cousins and me, when we acted plays, or played at ghosts, beneath its pensive ray; and this, too, had glimmered on, the same as ever, during the years of my absence. In the days of my childhood, I had thought it twinkled mirthfully in unison with the merry hearts that sported in the hall; in the days of my youth (saddened by many things, more than youth is wont to be,) the solitary lamp seemed to glimmer luridly on the gloomy panelling and accoutrements of that lone, deserted spot; well, the lamp beamed, candles were taken to the drawing-room, and thither I bent my steps, to converse with my solitary cousin on the *past*!

Poor Old House! This was my last visit to it for ever. It has since passed into other hands; for those, whose heritage it was, sold it, when circumstances obliged them *all* to abide far from it; its beauty is gone; it is a wreck; it is worse than nothing to *me*; and though I know that the *family* flourish abundantly on a better portion, it still seems that the quitting an ancient abode is the omen of its decay. Poor Old House! where happiness, that I shall never know again, first lighted and warmed my bosom, farewell! to *me* thou art dead, and the tribute that I owed I have thus paid to thy memory.

M. L. B.

## Origins and Inventions.

No. XXVI.

DOOMSDAY BOOK.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS book was made by order of William the Conqueror, in which the estates of the kingdom were registered. It is still in existence, fair and legible, consisting of two volumes, a greater and a less. Some of the capital letters and principal passages are touched with red ink; and some have strokes of red ink run across, as if scratched out. It was begun in the year 1081, but not completed till the year

1087. Mr. Turner, in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, (vol. iv.) says, "All the prerogatives and rights of the Anglo-Saxon cyning, or king, were definite and ascertained. They were such as had become established by law and custom, and could be as little exceeded by the sovereign as withheld by the people. They were not arbitrary privileges of an unknown extent. Even William the Conqueror found it necessary to have an official survey of the royal rights taken in every part of the kingdom; and we find the hundred, or similar bodies in every county, making the inquisition to the king's commissioners, who returned to the sovereign that minute record of his claims upon his subjects, which constitutes the *Domes-day Book*. The royal claims in *Domes-day Book* were, therefore, not the arbitrary impositions of the throne, but were those which the people themselves testified to their king to have been his legal rights. Perhaps no country in Europe can exhibit such an ancient record of the freedom of its people, and the limited prerogatives of its ruler. For the execution of this great survey, some of the king's barons were sent commissioners into every shire, and juries summoned in each hundred, out of all orders of freemen, from barons down to the lowest farmers, who were sworn to inform the commissioners what was the name of each manor, who held it then? how many hides, how much wood, how much pasture, how much meadow land it contained, how many ploughs were in the demesne part of it, and how many in the tenanted part, how many mills, how many fishponds or fisheries belonged to it? what had been added to it, or taken away from it? what was the value of the whole together, in the time of King Edward? what, when granted by William? what at the time of this survey? and whether it might be improved, or advanced in value? They were, likewise, to mention all the tenants, of every degree, and how much each of them had held, or did hold, at that time; and what was the number of slaves: nay, they were even to return a particular account of the live stock on each manor. These inquisitions or verdicts were first methodized in the county, and afterwards sent up into the king's exchequer. The lesser *Domes-day Book*, containing the originals so returned from the three counties of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, includes the live stock; the greater comprehending all the counties of England, except Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and part of Lancashire, were never surveyed, being then in a waste and desolate condi-

tion. This survey, at the time it was made, gave great offence to the people; and created a jealousy, that it was intended for some new impositions—the knowledge it gave to the government, of the state of the kingdom, was a necessary ground work for many improvements, with relation to agriculture, trade, and the increase of the people, in different parts of the country, as well as a rule to proceed by in levying taxes. It was also of no small utility for the ascertaining property, and for the speedy decision or prevention of law suits. But notwithstanding all the precaution taken by the conqueror, to have this survey faithfully and impartially executed, it appears, from indisputable authority, that a false return was given in by some of the commissioners, and that, as it is said, out of a pious motive. This was particularly the case with the abbey of Croylund, in Lincolnshire, the possessions of which were greatly underrated, both with regard to quantity and value. This ancient record was called *Domes-day Book*, because a sentence, arising from the evidence therein contained, could no more be appealed from, or eluded, than the final doom at the day of judgment. Its name being formed from the Saxon *dom*; doom, judgment, sentence; and *day*, which has the same force, so that domes-day is no more than a reduplicate, importing, judgment, judgment. This book, which Camden calls *Gulielmi Librum Censualem*, i.e. King William's tax-book, was formerly kept under three different locks and keys; one in the custody of the treasurer, and the others of the two chamberlains of the exchequer. It is now deposited in the Chapter-house at Westminster, where it may be consulted, on paying to the proper officers a fee of 6s. 8d. for a search, and fourpence per line for a transcript.

P. T. W.

### PEDANTS.

(For the Mirror.)

THAT a man is better able to expatiate on what he knows, or thinks he knows, than on what he knows not, is certain; but he should recollect that all do not pretend to similar knowledge; and what gratifies himself may not gratify others; nor is the pleasure he derives from certain studies, a ground for presuming that they will afford to all equal gratification. The logician, however highly he admires his art, need not invariably speak in syllogisms; nor the mathematician, however delighted by absolute certainty, support every assertion with a demonstration; pro-

bably the former would be better understood without his logic, and the latter believed more firmly without the demonstration.

Among the different species of pedants, there are two or three which are most prominent, and which do not claim, but force themselves on our attention. There is the ignorant pedant, and the semi-learned pedant, and the learned pedant; all of them have equal assurance, but not equal ability to support it. It is rather difficult to say which of them is preferable; he who professes to know what he does not know; he who possessing a little knowledge is always retailing it; or he who is really learned, and withal superlatively anxious that you should know it; who talks of physics and metaphysics with eternal volubility; who despises all who cannot argue, and yet cannot brook to any opposition.

The ignorant pedant is exposed to many disasters; while uttering his counterfeit learning he is often detected by a keen inspector, and sometimes must feel abashed, from a consciousness of his ignorance; still, however, he may support his character, by talking unintelligibly, and using a certain bead-roll of scientific terms; indeed, in this the whole art consists. One who pronounces so readily, and so precisely, the terms of science, may well be supposed perfectly acquainted with their meaning; but alas! words and ideas have sometimes no connexion.

The ignorant pedant is somewhat clever in escaping detection, as he employs the whole vocabulary of science (though in a very strange manner) in defence of his opinions; he overwhelms his opponents, not with arguments, but with wonderful words; and they cannot reply, because they really know not what to reply to; thus he gains the victory, and feels emboldened to attempt future conquests.

The semi-learned pedant is one who knows nothing of comparing his intellectual possessions with those of others; he knows a little not generally known, and he thinks himself marvellously wise, so wise that he is above confutation, and will not degrade himself to refute an opponent, but magnanimously despise him, or inwardly pity his ignorance, while he feels elated with his own fancied superiority of knowledge. Really some of this class are the most obstinate and impenetrable creatures existing; able to trace an argument a little way, but unable to pursue it, they are impervious to conviction, and to submit to be instructed is to admit their own ignorance. Some of these pedants, when they do engage in argument, employ tactics peculiar to them-

selves; they wander from one subject to another to perplex their antagonist, and deny the most cogent argument; nay, sometimes ignorantly resist demonstration to startle him. They know little of arguing for truth's sake; all they know is arguing for victory.

There is also the semi-learned pedant in natural philosophy, who is for ever amusing one with deductions, and inductions, and what not. Such pedants are ever ready to seize an advantage to display their abilities, and some are very clever this way; observe that a tea-cup is too large in diameter, you are answered with an account of the diameters of the planets; notice the excessive heat of a fire, you have a dissertation on calorific; remark the brilliant colours of a hearth-rug, you are obliged to listen to a lecture on optics; lament the fate of some one who was drowned, you are directly furnished with a disquisition on specific gravity; you are told that about four pounds of cork will prevent a human body's sinking, and desired to examine the process by which the assertion is proved: talk of the overturning of a coach, you are reminded of the centre of gravity:—indeed, say what you will, you may calculate on a dissertation, and that sometimes of no very limited length.

There are some semi-learned pedants who are metaphysicians, who scorn mere experimenting, and pretend to investigate the mind, and know the causes of its various operations, and the nature of sensation; some of them are rather physiologists than metaphysicians. If you burn your finger, you are told something about the insinuating of the particles of caloric between the animal fibre; and if you cut it you are told of the discreptibility of the same material. But others of this class ascend into higher regions; they talk of the fitness of things, of conservation and volition, liberty and necessity, power and energy; a man tortured by the gout is told that his pains arise from the fitness of things, that he could not but be subject to such gnawings and burnings; for if he had not suffered, the order of nature would have been broken.

There are semi-learned pedants in every branch of knowledge; the orthopaical, who despises him who mispronounces a syllable; and the etymological, who is continually telling you how differently you use words to what their etymology warrants, and how ignorant it is to do so: indeed, what art or science is there exempted from semi-learned pedants, who have great learning, without knowing its rudiments, and profound science, though ignorant of its principles. So true is it,

that where there are realities, there also are counterfeits.

The learned pedants are not so numerous as the former; indeed their conduct is far more excusable. The semi-learned pedant aspires to the honour without the labour—the learned pedant to the honour after the labour; one expects the victory ere he has fought the battle; the other conquers and is ostentatious of his success. The learned pedant errs from not knowing, or not acknowledging the influence of times and seasons; few indeed are those who can blend amusement with abstruse disquisition, and strew flowers in the rugged paths of rigid demonstration. It has been said that a wit can shine only in certain company, and this might have been observed with equal truth of the profound student, who, however learned, is by some considered a “dull crack-brained fellow,” irksome because incomprehensible. The learned scholar is not warranted in supposing that his auditors are equally as learned as himself, and therefore deeply interested in those subjects which, although so congenial to the philosopher, are disregarded by the generality of mankind. It may not be partial to assert, that the learned pedant’s conduct does not arise from ostentation, but rather from an underrating of his own talents, which leads him to believe that all are equally as learned and wise as himself.

As to the ignorant pedant he is only deserving of contempt; for not only does he invest himself with unmerited honours, but exposes learning itself to ridicule; and as to the semi-learned pedant, if he would but reflect on those master-minds who have possessed, and do now possess, stores of knowledge to which his scanty stock is not worthy to be compared, and remember that others are at least as well-informed as himself, he would abate his arrogance, and finding his intellectual superiority not so vast as he imagined, lower the tone of his colloquies, and talk of other subjects as well as remote history, or abstruse points of philosophy, the substratum of matter or the essence of existence.

J.

## SONNET TO A SOW.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh, Grumphy! Bristle-back! or Curly-tail!  
What is thy name in poetry? for thou  
In prose, I know, art vulgarly a sow;  
Emulating bananass! after whom do swell  
Some dozen piggy-wiggles small; I vow,  
For blocking up the path, had I a flail  
I’d thrash thee well, unless my heart should fail,

For poets’ hearts are not of stone or wood,  
But even wax, i. e. of melting mood,  
And mine would tremble at thy screeching wail.

Grumphy! grunt on in bliss; I cannot beat  
Thy sound, broad, bristly back; feast while  
you may—

Fate grineth stern, and thou and thine a treat  
May smoke for many, ere next Christmas day!  
M. L. B.

## THE BEE.

(For the Mirror.)

WHEN the queen bee is about to lay an egg, she puts her head into a cell, and remains in that position a second or two, to ascertain whether it be fit to receive the deposit. She then withdraws her head, curves her body downwards, inserts her tail into the cell, and having kept this position for a few seconds, turns half round on herself, and after laying the egg, withdraws her body.

When the queen lays a cluster of eggs to the number of thirty or forty on one side of the comb, instead of laying in all the empty cells in the same quarter, she leaves it and goes to the other side, and lays in the cells which are directly opposite to those she has just supplied with eggs, and in none else. In this order she seems to be scrupulously exact, and probably it is to ascertain whether there be an egg in the opposite cell, that she keeps her head inserted, previous to laying, longer than would be merely necessary to find whether the one she is inspecting be empty. The mode of proceeding is of a piece with that wise arrangement which runs through all the operations of the bees, and is another effect of that remarkable instinct by which they are guided; for as they cluster closely in those parts of the comb which are filled with brood, in order to hatch them the heat will penetrate to the other side, and some part of it would be wasted if the cells on that side were altogether empty, or filled with honey. But when both sides are filled with brood, and covered with live bees, the heat is confined to the spot where it is necessary, and is turned to full account in hatching the young bees.

H. W. DEWHURST.

A YOUNG man of the name of Neck, was recently married to a Miss Heels; they are now therefore tied Neck and Heels together.



## The Sketch-Book.

No. XL.

## THE BAKER AND POTBOY.

THE baker is an almost universal favourite among the female habitants of the kitchen department. He is looked upon by them as the very flower of gallantry. His hat, whether white or black, is always worn *smartly*; and there is a dandyism (peculiar to this class of the community) about his boots,—and the most indifferent observer may perceive he is vastly particular in this part of his accoutrement—the cream-coloured tops, deep as a quart-top, display the care and attention in cleaning them—and then his large, double-cased silver watch, which he often draws out, and proudly, though apparently unintentionally, exhibits when gossiping—and the pendant chain and glingling bunch of large seals and choice coins thereto belonging, all proclaim his pardonable vanity, and tend to exalt his consequence in the curious and admiring eyes of giggling “Betty,” who good-humouredly retorts his half-whispered “nothings,” by an exclamation of “What nonsense!” or, “A-done, you foolish fellow—do!”—and trips down the area in glee—hugging the brick or quartern in one hand, and perhaps a pen and ink, and *check-book* in the other—the latter of which is of little utility in the hands of such an Argus, or steward, as Betty, who would probably take serious offence at hearing the young man’s strict honesty called in question; and cares little how many “deadmen” he makes, so long as he continues to keep the women *alive* by his flirtation and pretty sayings. The very creaking of his wicker basket, as he wields it round and casts it at the door, is pleasing music, and an overture of an agreeable chat to the maid—who never keeps him waiting, and indeed scarcely gives him time to knock or ring before she makes her appearance with a—“good mornen, mister baker!” He is in every respect a most fortunate and favoured man, for he can do no wrong; and if there be any complaint to be made (as it often happens) concerning the badness of the bread or the bakings, the maid softens it down by beginning—“Tell your master—my *missus* says”—thus holding mister baker himself guiltless of any participation in the fault.—Happy man!—Nay, even if his knees be accidentally knocked, or his legs form an X, or St. Andrew’s Cross, from his having carried a heavy basket when he was green and

growing—he can, by a dexterous twist and interposition of the said basket, cunningly conceal from observation the warped fashion of his *understandings*.—How different the fate of the unfortunate *pot-boy*. He is held in no respect by any, but as a plague to all. He is often a sturdy, thick-set, thick-headed boy, (selected from the parish school perchance,) coarse in converse, and not an iota of the baker’s “*mealy-mouthed*” manners about him—and is *nem. con.* considered the most vulgar of the comers. The very clanking and rattling of his pewter measures is the forerunner of discord and squabbles ’twixt him and the scullion, or dish-water, (none of higher grade in servitude willingly attend him,) for he is always grumbling about the manner in which his pots are returned—the servants always bruising, blacking, or burning them. He hates *them* for the trouble they give him, and they *him* for the trouble he takes in telling them of it. The morning of his “life” is no enviable one; but in the evening he starts a different creature; his cares and rebuffs are forgotten, and he glides through the dark streets with his lantern and beer-trays, like a glow-worm. But still he is the pot-boy, and the maids despise him; notwithstanding he whistles the most popular airs, or *double-shuffles* between his partner-trays, in his hob-nailed, *high-low* shoes, to wile away the time they keep him waiting, and the sole chance he possesses of obtaining a smile or a good word is, when they want to wheedle him to let them have the “yesterday’s” newspaper first!

Absurdities: in Prose and Verse.

SPIRIT OF THE  
Public Journals.

## LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

THE AUTHOR OF “LAGON.”

NEARLY fourteen years have elapsed since chance first threw me in the way of the Rev. C. C. Colton, now so well known to the public by his various writings, but more especially by his admirable series of apothegms, entitled *Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words*. For my introduction to this very talented but eccentric personage, I was indebted to the politeness of my worthy friend, John Stewart, formerly secretary to the Nabob of Arcot, but better known to the generality of my readers by his cognomen of “Walking Stewart;” a man no less remarkable for the originality of his character, than the

individual whose name I have prefixed to the present paper. It was the custom of my travelled acquaintance to give musical *soirées*, at his apartments in Cockspur-street, twice a week; viz. on the evenings of Tuesday and Sunday. His concerts were formed, in the first instance, chiefly of amateurs; but finding their attendance very little to be depended upon, Mr. Stewart determined to secure his visitors against disappointment, by hiring musical professors expressly for the occasion. These entertainments, to which no passport beyond the introduction of a friend was considered necessary, provided that friend was one of the intimate acquaintances of the worthy traveller, continued without intermission, on every appointed night throughout the season, nay, sometimes throughout the entire year; and although the company on such occasions was frequently of a singularly mixed character, there wanted neither beauty, talent, nor fashion, to add to the attractions of the hour. As it is my intention to be more particular in my description of these *soirées*, and the visitors who frequented them, in my reminiscences of their worthy founder, I shall content myself for the present with remarking, that it was at one of them that Mr. Stewart introduced to me a military-looking gentleman, of somewhat peculiar physiognomy, whom he described as "Mr. C. C. Colton, the author of a singularly clever brochure, as yet unpublished." My old friend had no very remarkable respect for the dignity of Mr. Colton's office, and consequently left the word *Reverend* entirely out of the introduction. Mr. C.'s *tout-ensemble* was at once striking and peculiar. There was an indefinable something in the general character of his features, which, without being remarkably prepossessing, fixed the attention of a stranger in no ordinary degree. His keen grey eye was occasionally overshadowed by a scowl, or inflection of the brow, indicative rather of an habitual intensity of reflection than of any cynical severity of disposition. His nose was aquiline, or (to speak more correctly, if less elegantly,) hooked; his cheek bones were high and protruding; and his forehead by no means remarkable, either for its expansiveness or phrenological beauty of development. There was a singular variability of expression about his mouth, and his chin was precisely what Lavater would have called an intellectual chin. Perhaps the shrewdness of his glance was indicative rather of extraordinary cunning than of high mental intelligence. His usual costume was a frock-coat, sometimes richly braided, and a black velvet

stock; in short, his general appearance was quite military; so much so, that he was often asked if he was not in the army. I am half inclined to believe that he courted this kind of misconception, as his reply was invariably the same: "No, Sir, but I am an officer of the *chuch militant*." Had not this pun been destined for immortality, he must inevitably have worn it out many years ago; for scarcely a day passed that he did not put it in requisition.

The eloquence of Mr. Colton's conversation inspired me with a strong desire to cultivate his further acquaintance; and my curiosity was considerably increased by the perusal of one of the proof sheets of the sketch he was then preparing for publication, which he happened to have at that time in his pocket, and which appeared to me to contain evidence of very exalted poetical talent. This production, the first edition of which was published under the title of *Napoleon*, was subsequently enlarged to nearly twice its original length, and re-christened, *The Conflagration of Moscow*. There are some circumstances connected with its first appearance which are not a little remarkable, and which deserve a particular mention in this place, as affording evidence that the faculty of poesy and prophecy is sometimes united in the same person, even at the present time. I allude to the extraordinary coincidence of events as connected with the history of Napoleon (and which occurred more than two years after this poem was printed,) with one or two poetical predictions to be met with in its pages. The poem opens with a splendid allusion to the conflagration of Moscow; and after various prophetic denunciations, founded on events that had partially taken place at the time the author wrote, Mr. C. goes on to say—

"But ere we part, Napoleon, deign to hear  
The bodings of thy future dark career;  
Fate to the poet trusts her iron leaf,  
Fraught with thy ruin—read it, and be brief;  
Then to the senate flee, to tell the tale  
Of Russia's full revenge, Gaul's deep indignant  
    wail.

—It is thy doom false greatness to pursue,  
Rejecting, and rejected by, the true;  
A sterling name THURICK proffered to refuse;  
And highest means pervert to lowest views;  
Till Fate and Fortune, finding that thou'rt still  
Untaught by all their good, and all their ill,  
Expelled, recalled, reconquered—all in vain—  
    Shall sink thee to thy nothingness again."

Nay, he seems to have foretold the share which the Scots Greys were destined to take in the final struggle with Bonaparte, at Waterloo:—



"Add lust, to *fit thy fate, and seal thy doom,*  
Her eagle note shall Scotia stern resume,  
Shall grasp her Highland brand, her plumed bon-  
net plume."

He winds up his apostrophe with the fol-  
lowing fine verses:—

"Such are thy foes, Napoleon, when Time  
Wakes Vengeance, sure concomitant of Crime.  
—Fixed, like Prometheus, to thy rock, o'er-  
powered

By force, by vulture-conscience slow devoured;  
With godlike power, but fiendlike rage, no more  
To drench a world—thy reeking stage—in gore;  
Fit but ever Shame to triumph, and to rule;  
And proved in all things—but in danger—cool.  
That found'st a Nation melted to thy will,  
And Freedom's place didst with thine image fill;  
Huffed not to govern, but obey the storm,  
To catch the tame occasion, not to form;  
Victorious only when Success pursued,  
But when thou follow'dst her, as quick subdued:  
The first to challenge, as the first to run,  
When Death and Glory both consent to shun—  
Live! that thy body and thy soul may be  
Foes that can't part, and friends that can't agree—  
Live! to be numbered with that common herd,  
Whose life's base boon unto themselves preferred—  
Live! till each dazzled fool hath understood  
That nothing can be great that is not good.  
And when Remorse, for blood in torrents split,  
Shall sting—to madness—conscious, sleepless  
Guilt,

May deep Contrition this black hope repel,—  
Smite me, then Future, from this Present Hell!"

Mr. Colton seemed a good deal flattered by the admiration I expressed of the specimen of his poetical talents with which he had been pleased to favour me; and as our route home lay in the same direction, it was proposed that we should take our leave of Mr. Stewart's party together. Before we separated, Mr. C. gave me a pressing invitation to breakfast with him the ensuing morning; and, to obviate the possibility of any mistake as to his "whereabouts," put a card into my hand, on which the name of the street, and number of the house, were explicitly described.

At the appointed time I repaired to the scene of action, with my appetite considerably improved by a good half-hour's exposure to the cold air of a spring morning. But what was my surprise, when I found that the house referred to in Mr. Colton's memorandum was a marine-store shop, of the most filthy and poverty-stricken description. By a marine-store shop (a cant phrase, I believe, for a depository for stolen goods,) I mean a place where old iron, rags, glass bottles, and such like commodities, are bought, sold, and exchanged. To add to my embarrassment, this miserable hovel appeared to contain no possible accommodation for lodgers; as with the exception of a very

small window over the shop, two or three panes of which were stuffed with the staple commodity of the landlord's trade, I could discover no indication of any apartment beyond the immediate precincts of the place of business. Had I set out on a voyage of discovery to the characteristic hiding-place of a blind beggar, for the purpose of administering to his necessities, I might have had some expectation of meeting with the object of my search; but my eccentric acquaintance had informed me that he was not only a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, (300*l.* per annum,) but also the possessor of several valuable livings (I forget if the vicarship of Kew and Petersham was at that time among the number); and I felt that it was impossible that a person moving in such a sphere of life could harbour in so abominable a kennel. After inquiring fruitlessly at almost every other house in the street (I forget its name, but it is directly opposite to that end of Lower Grosvenor-Place which opens into Pimlico,) I concluded there must have been some mistake on the part of Mr. Colton in transcribing the number; and accordingly returned home, determined never more to undertake any similar expedition, without having first fortified my inward man by a good breakfast.

The next time I chanced to meet my new friend, he reproached me with some asperity with having broken my appointment; and on my declaring that the only place I could discover which answered to the description given upon his card was a pestilential hovel into which I should scarcely have ventured to penetrate without some strong preservative against infection, he burst into a loud guffaw, exclaiming, "Why, man, that's my castle, I live there! I despise appearances. The nuisances which seem to have laid so strong a hold on your imagination, did not prevent me from writing the poem you profess to admire so much, within the sphere of their influence. Nay, I am writing—but come, and I will show you what I am writing; and if you are curious in wines, I can give you a glass of the noblest hock you ever tasted." Somewhat anxious to atone for my involuntary incivility, I took an early opportunity of paying my respects to him. The most exaggerated description of the garrets of the poets of fifty years ago, would not libel Mr. Colton's apartment. The long accumulation of dirt upon such panes of the windows as were entire, and the opaque substances which kept out the wind from those which were not, abridged in no small degree the modicum of light which might otherwise have been vouch-

safed to his labours. The room did not exactly answer to Goldsmith's description—

"A chair-lumbered closet, just twelve feet by nine,"

for this simple reason: it contained only two chairs, one apparently the property of the poet, easy and cushioned, and differing essentially in character from the rest of the furniture; and the other a miserable, rush-bottomed affair, so awfully afflicted with the rickets as to keep its unhappy occupant in a state of the most painful anxiety for the nether parts of his person during the whole period of his probation upon it. Damocles could not have been more apprehensive of the fall of the fatal sword upon his head, than I was of the concussion of my head's antipodes with the floor beneath it. The deal table at which Mr. Colton was seated (wrapped in a tattered baize dressing gown,) had evidently caught the contagion; for, notwithstanding the supplementary support with which some bungling practitioner had furnished it, it could scarcely be said to have a leg to stand upon. Then there was, in truth,

"The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;"—  
and,

"The sanded floor, that grits beneath the tread,  
The humid wall, with paltry pictures spread."

We can scarcely add, also—

"The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire"—

for, to be candid, the smoke in which the room was immersed, afforded an indication of that of which it might otherwise have been difficult to have ascertained the existence.

Upon the aforesaid table stood a broken wine glass, half filled with ink, with a steel pen (which had seen some service,) laid transversely upon its edge. Immediately beside the poet, lay a bundle of dirty and dog's-eared manuscripts, the characters of which it would have required the ingenuity of a second *Œdipus* to have deciphered. At his right hand lay *Burdon's Materials for Thinking*, a work of which I have frequently heard him express himself in terms of exalted commendation, and from which he appears to have derived the hints of several of the best apothegms in his *Lacon*. On the wall, over against the table, was a three-cornered piece of looking-glass, starred and cracked in every direction; and on the floor of that part of the room in which he was sitting, was spread the tattered remnant of a piece of drugget, the original colour of which it would have been an extremely difficult matter to have ascertained.

Nothing daunted by the wretchedness of the scene before me, I poised myself as well as I could on the crazy chair, and entered into conversation with him on the current topics of the day; on all of which, notwithstanding the seclusion in which he lived, he seemed to possess the best information. In short, it was scarcely possible to name a subject on which he could not dilate with extraordinary fluency and effect. He appeared to have an intimate knowledge of chemistry, and to be, in theory at least, a very excellent mechanic; and these various kinds of knowledge are often displayed in a very considerable degree, in his endeavours to illustrate some of the favourite maxims in his *Lacon*.

On questioning Mr. Colton as to the publication announced on the back of the proof-sheet he had shown me of his *Napoleon*, he informed me, that the papers then before him formed a portion of the MS.; and proceeded to read me several of the maxims, with a sonorous voice, and the most ludicrous gesticulation. At this time he scarcely contemplated publishing more of them than would occupy a tolerable sized pamphlet; but, encouraged by his success, he afterwards altered his intentions, and determined not to begin to print until he had prepared sufficient copy for a moderate sized octavo volume. The title of the work, as at first announced, was, "*Many Things in Few Words; addressed to Fewer Persons—Those who Think.*" But on its being suggested to him, that an author was not likely to conciliate the public who conveyed an imputation upon their common sense in the very title page of his book, he agreed to omit the words printed in italics, and thus obviated the objection. He fancied, however, and perhaps with reason, that as every reader would take to himself the credit of being one of the "select few," no offence would be given. After reciting to me several pages of this work, he insisted that I should taste his wine; and going to the piece of furniture which contained his bed, opened a large drawer next the floor, which was filled with bottles of wine, ranged in sawdust, as in a bin. From this depository he selected a bottle of the finest hock I ever tasted; and when this was exhausted (a feat which, as we drank out of "tumblers," was soon accomplished,) he replaced it with a bottle of white hermitage, which was also as speedily discussed; and that, too, with as much zest as if we had been in one of the most splendid saloons in the metropolis. It was fortunate for me that I had that day taken an early dinner; or

these potatoes might have produced an uncomfortable effect upon my system. As it was, their only effect was, to make very excellent friends of us before we parted. It is almost needless to add, that this interview confirmed the high opinion I had already formed of Mr. Colton's talents; and the extraordinary eccentricity of his mode of life gave him increased interest in my eyes.—*Literary Magnet.*

## The Selector;

AND

### LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

TIM TROTT AND BIDDY LOWE.

A BALLAD.

ON a Sunday to the village church  
Both old and young were flowing;  
Oh! the bells were ringing merrily,  
And beaux with bells were going.

And Mister Trott was trotting there,  
When Biddy Lowe so smart  
Just pass'd—and though she only walk'd,  
Her eyes—ran through his heart.

Now Mister Trott began to leer,  
And throw his eyes about;  
But, ah! he felt a pang within,  
He fain would be without.

"For a suitor I might suit her well,  
And why should I not please?  
For though I may have silver locks,  
I've gold beneath my keys."

For o'er his head he'd sixty years,  
And more, if truth be told;  
And, for the first time, now he thought  
'Twas frightful to be old!

The service o'er, Tim walk'd away,  
And o'er the fields did roam;  
He sought her cot—and found it out,  
But Biddy was at home!

Tim made a bow and made a leg,  
And spoke with hesitation;  
While Biddy frown'd upon his suit,  
And smiled at his—*relation!*

But though so scornfully repuls'd,  
And all his vows prov'd vain,  
Tim Trott had lost his heart, and wish'd  
To prove his loss a-gain!

Miss Biddy met her ancient beau,  
And said with cruel glee,  
"Oh! Trott, though you're a little man,  
You seem to long for me!"

Tim stammer'd, hammer'd, hem'd, and sigh'd,  
Gle gutter'd like a leaf—  
With piteous look he eyed the maid,  
But couldn't hide his grief.

"Though I'm a man of substance, ma'am,  
I'm like a shadow-elf;  
I've sigh'd and sigh'd until I am  
Like one beside myself!"

Quoth she, and with a killing smile,  
(Oh! most unkind retort.)

"You know I've cut you, ay, for long,  
So now I'll cut you short!"

"Ah! make not of my size a laugh,  
I would my limbs were stronger,  
But though you never lov'd me, ma'am,  
Say, could you love me longer?"

But Biddy's heart was hard as stone,  
Tim's tears were shed in vain,  
And when she cried, "Go, ugly man!"  
He thought his beauty plain!

Quoth he, "I go—farewell—farewell,  
I weep—for I'm resigned!  
I feel my heart that bent before—  
Left beating is behind!"

*Absurdities: in Prose and Verse.*

## THE WILD PIGEON OF AMERICA.

In the autumn of 1813, I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. Having met the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in the barrens of natural wastes a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, in greater apparent numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before. I felt an inclination to enumerate the flocks that would pass within the reach of my eye in one hour. I dismounted, and seating myself on a tolerable eminence, took my pencil to mark down what I saw going by and over me, and made a dot for every flock which passed.

Finding, however, that this was next to impossible, and feeling unable to record the flocks, as they multiplied constantly, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, discovered that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I went. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday became dim, as during an eclipse; the pigeons' dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of their wings over me, had a tendency to incline my senses to repose.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession.

The people were indeed all up in arms, and shooting on all sides at the passing flocks. The banks of the river were crowded with men and children, for here the pigeons flew rather low as they passed

the Ohio. This gave a fair opportunity to destroy them in great numbers. For a week or more the population spoke of nothing but pigeons, and fed on no other flesh but that of pigeons. The whole atmosphere during this time was strongly impregnated with the smell appertaining to their species.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will show the astonishing bounty of the Creator in his works, and how universally this bounty has been granted to every living thing on that vast continent of America.

We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles, and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock; and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day which is required to feed such a flock.

As soon as these birds discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below, and at this time exhibit their phalanx in all the beauties of their plumage; now displaying a large glistening sheet of bright azure, by exposing their backs to view, and suddenly veering exhibit a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower over the woods, and are lost among the foliage for a moment, but they reappear as suddenly above; after which they alight, and, as if affrighted, the whole again take to wing with a roar equal to loud thunder, and wander swiftly through the forest to see if danger is near. Impelling hunger, however, soon brings them all to the ground, and then they are seen industriously throwing up the fallen leaves to seek for the last beech nut or acorn; the rear ranks continually rising, passing over, and alighting in front in such quick succession, that the whole still bears the appearance of being on the wing. The quantity of ground thus swept up, or, to use a French expression, *moissonée*, is astonishing, and so clean is the work, that gleaners never find it worth their while to follow where the pigeons have

been. On such occasions, when the woods are thus filled with them, they are killed in immense numbers, yet without any apparent diminution. During the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, the whole settle on the trees to enjoy rest, and digest their food; but as the sun sinks in the horizon, they depart *en masse* for the roosting-place, not unfrequently hundreds of miles off, as has been ascertained by persons keeping account of their arrival and of their departure from their curious roosting places, to which I must now conduct the reader.

To one of those general nightly rendezvous, not far from the banks of Green River in Kentucky, I paid repeated visits. It was, as is almost always the case, pitched in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude of growth, but with little underwood. I rode through it lengthwise upwards of forty miles, and crossed it in different parts, ascertaining its width to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and wagons, guns, and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the neighbourhood of Russellville, distant more than one hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on pigeon meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than one hundred and fifty miles off. The dung of the birds was several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting place like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter I observed were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest so much so, that the desolation already exhibited equalled that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived,—but all of a sudden I heard a cry of "*Here they come!*" The noise which they made, though distant,

reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the polemen. The current of birds, however, kept still increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying, sight was before me. The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted every where one on the top of another, until masses of them resembling hanging swarms of bees as large as hogaheads, were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groups, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and of distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners reload them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued, however, the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, who, by his habits in the woods, was able to tell me, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly. Towards the approach of day the noise rather subsided; but long ere objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the day before, and at sunrise none that were able to fly remained. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, the lynx, the cougars, bears, rackoons, opossums, and polecats, were seen sneaking off the spot, whilst the eagles and hawks of different species, supported by a horde of buzzards and carrion crows, came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction.

It was then that I, and all those present, began our entry among the dead and wounded sufferers. They were picked up in great numbers, until each had so many as could possibly be disposed of; and afterwards the hogs and dogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.—*Ac-*

*count of the Wild Pigeon of America, by Mr. John James Audubon; Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science.*

#### THE EVENING GUN.

REMEMB'REST thou that fading sun,  
The last I saw with thee,  
When loud we heard the evening gun  
Peal o'er the twilight sea?  
The sounds appear to sweep  
Far o'er the verge of day,  
Till into realms beyond the deep  
They seem'd to die away.

Oft when the toils of day are done,  
In pensive dreams of thee,  
I sit to hear that evening gun  
Peal o'er the stormy sea.  
And while o'er billows cur'd,  
The distant sounds decay,  
I weep, and wish from this rough world  
Like them to die away.

*A Set of Glasses, by Thomas Moore, Esq.*

#### JUDGE JEFFREYS—BROW-BEATING.

NOTHING could exceed the treatment which a reluctant witness would experience from this judge. He fastened himself on such a person at the trial of *Lady Lisle*; and he was *Dunne*, the messenger who carried on a correspondence between the prisoner and *Hicks*, the person she was charged with harbouring; but the witness bore the attack for some time with great adroitness, for he seemed to have made a resolve that his mistress should never suffer through his testimony. However, *Jeffreys* grew quite mad; he lectured the witness, menaced him with hell-fire, then persuaded him, and uttered the most savage exclamations; but all in vain. At one time he thought of his old witticisms, and asked the man what trade he followed. "My lord, I am a baker by trade."—"And wilt thou bake thy bread at such easy rates?" The witness had said that he travelled a great many miles, and had only a piece of cake and cheese for it. "I assure thee, thy bread is very light weight, it will scarce pass the balance here." He got out a name with all the acumen of the most wire-drawing advocate. "Now must I know that man's name."—"The man's name that I went to at *Marton*, my lord!"—*Lord Chief Justice*. "Yes; and look to it, it may be I know the man already; and tell at what end of the town the man lives too."—*Dunne*. "My lord, I cannot tell his name presently."—*Lord Chief Justice*. "Oh! pray now, do not say so; you must tell us, indeed you must think of his name a little."—*Dunne*. "My lord, if I can mind it, I will."—*Lord Chief*

Justice. "Prithee do."—Dunne. "His name, truly, my lord, I cannot rightly tell for the present."—Lord Chief Justice. "Prithee recollect thyself; indeed thou canst tell us if thou wilt."—Dunne. "My lord, I can go to the house again, if I were at liberty."—Lord Chief Justice. "I believe it, and so could I; but really neither you nor I can be spared at present; therefore, prithee do us the kindness now to tell us his name."—Dunne. "Truly, my lord, I cannot mind his name at present."—Lord Chief Justice. "Alack-a-day! We must needs have it! Come, refresh your memory a little." And then it came out.

Dunne made a few trips, but was very cool at first. How came you to be so impudent," cried the judge, "as to tell me a lie?"—"I beg your pardon, my lord."—"Lord Chief Justice. "You beg my pardon! That is not because you told me a lie, but because I have found you in a lie. I hope, gentlemen of the jury, you take notice of the strange and horrible carriage of this fellow." The worst was yet to come for poor Dunne; he was again at issue about some fact which Jeffreys wished to get from him, and which he was by no means desirous of giving, when the judge struck upon a new plan, saying, "Dost thou think, that after all this pains that I have been at to get an answer to my question, that thou canst banter me with such sham stuff as this? Hold the candle to his face, that we may see his brazen face." The witness declared that he was cluttered out of his senses, and that he would say whatever the court desired. And soon afterwards they held the candle nearer to his nose, but then he would tell nothing except that he was robbed of his senses. Jeffreys had long since summed up his character: "Thou art a strange, prevaricating, shuffling, snivelling, lying rascal," said my lord.—*Memoirs of the Life of Judge Jeffreys.*

#### THE PROCESS OF INTOXICATION.

WITHOUT doubt there is nothing graceful in drunkenness, yet the path leading to it is strewed with flowers more alluring than the spells of Medea or Circe. A man does not *wine*, as the phrase goes, with a fixed resolution of pushing it to intoxication; but having broached the loved liquor—had one draught of the delicious beverage—the glass passes merrily round; time, and space, and every ill are forgotten in the elysium of the moment, till the enchantment which beclouds the reason of its victim has de-

prived him also of the use of his senses. He falls into a lethargic slumber, after having acted the worst parts of a fool, leaving to nature the task of restoring him his reason and of repairing him the other mischiefs which his cups have brought him. This, however, is your toper *par excellence*—the downright drunkard; but others are more prudent in falling short of the beastly part of the diversion, and these are precisely the men, free livers as they are called, who, in the long run, will sustain the greater injury, both in pocket and person. By repeated careful observations, the symptoms of drunkenness appear to succeed each other in the following order:—

First, an unusual serenity prevails over the mind, and the soul of the votary is filled with a placid satisfaction; by degrees he is sensible of a soft, not unmusical humming in his ears, at every pause of the conversation. He seems to himself to wear his head lighter than usual upon his shoulders. Then a species of obscurity, thinner than the lightest mist, passes before his eyes and makes him see objects rather indistinctly. The lights begin to dance and appear double; a gaiety and warmth are felt at the same time about the heart. The imagination is expanded and filled with a thousand delightful images. He becomes loquacious, and pours forth, in enthusiastic language, the thoughts which are born, as it were, within him.

Now comes a spirit of universal contentment with himself and all the world; he thinks no more of misery; it is dissolved in the bliss of the moment. This is the acme of the fit—the ecstasy is now perfect. As yet the sensorium is in tolerable order; it is only shaken; but the capability of thinking with accuracy still remains. About this time the drunkard pours out all the secrets of his soul; his qualities, good or bad, come forth without reserve; and now, if at any time, the human heart may be seen into. In a short period he is seized with a most inordinate propensity to talk nonsense, though he is perfectly conscious of doing so; he also commits many foolish things, knowing them to be ridiculous. The power of volition, that faculty which keeps the will subordinate to the judgment, seems totally weakened. The most delightful time seems to be that immediately before becoming very talkative. When this takes place a man turns ridiculous, and his mirth, though more boisterous, is not quite so exquisite. At first the intoxication partakes of sentiment, but latterly it becomes merely animal.



After this the scene thickens ; the drunkard's imagination gets disordered with the most grotesque conceptions. Instead of moderating his drink, he pours it down more rapidly than ever ; glass follows glass with reckless energy ; his head becomes perfectly giddy ; the candles burn blue, green, or yellow ; and where there are perhaps only three on the table he sees a dozen. According to his temperament he is amorous, musical, or quarrelsome. Many possess a most extraordinary wit, and a great flow of spirits is a general attendant. In the latter stages the speech is thick, and the use of the tongue in a great measure lost ; his mouth is half-open and idiotic in the expression, while his eyes are glazed, wavering, and watery ; he is apt to fancy that he has offended some one of the company, and is ridiculously profuse with his apologies ; frequently he mistakes one person for another, and imagines that some of those before him are individuals who are in reality absent, or even dead. The muscular powers are all along much affected ; this indeed happens before any great change takes place in the mind, and goes on progressively increasing ; he can no longer walk with steadiness, but totters from side to side ; the limbs become powerless and inadequate to sustain his weight ; he is, however, not always sensible of any deficiency in this respect ; and while exciting mirth by his eccentric motions, imagines that he walks with the most perfect steadiness. In attempting to run, he conceives that he passes over the ground with astonishing rapidity. The last stage of drunkenness is total insensibility. The man tumbles, perhaps, beneath the table, and is carried away in a state of stupor to his couch. In this condition he is said to be *dead drunk*.

When the drunkard is put to bed, let us suppose that his faculties are not totally absorbed in apoplectic stupor ; let us suppose that he still possesses consciousness and feeling, though these are both disordered ; then begins " the tug of war ;" then comes the misery which is doomed to succeed his previous raptures. No sooner is his head laid upon his bed than it is seized with the strangest throbbing ; his heart beats quick and hard against his ribs ; a noise like the distant fall of a cascade, or rushing of a river is heard in his ears,—sough, sough, sough, goes the sound ; his senses now become more drowned and stupified ; a dim recollection of his carousals, like a shadowy and indistinct dream, passes before the mind ; he still hears, as in echo, the cries and laughter of his companions ; wild fan-

tastic fancies accumulate thickly around the brain ; his giddiness is greater than ever, and he feels as if in a ship tossed upon a heaving sea ; at last he drops insensibly into a profound slumber.

*Macnish's Anatomy of Drunkenness.*

## Miscellanies.

### THOMSON'S SEASONS.

WE say of any scheme or project which is futile and nugatory, and which we are inclined to stigmatize with our contempt, that it will *end in smoke*. *Ex luci dare fumum* was, I suppose, proverbial with the Romans. What then shall we think of the felicity or dignity of the following passage of Thomson, in its close ?

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads  
around,

Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and  
spires,

And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.

This is surely a very unlucky image. The landscape does not literally vanish into smoke. The horizon which bounds a wide prospect *sometimes* is dim and obscured by vapour ; but to call this vapour *smoke* is neither literally true, nor metaphorically dignified.

### IMPROPRIETY OF BURYING IN CHURCHES.

IN the voyages and travels of Dr. Hasselquist, a Swedish physician, he observes, concerning burials, in churches and towns : " The burying-places of the Turks are handsome and agreeable, which is owing chiefly to the many fine plants that grow in them, and which they carefully place over their dead. The Turks are much more consistent than the Christians, when they bury their dead without the town, and plant over them such vegetables as by their aromatic and balsamic smell can drive away the fatal odours with which the air is filled in such places. I am persuaded that by this they escape many misfortunes which affect Christians, from wandering and dwelling continually among the dead."

The great Sir Mathew Hale was always very much against burying in churches, and used to say, " *that churches were for the living, and the churchyards for the dead.*" He himself was interred in the churchyard of Alderley, in Gloucestershire. The best arguments for burying in gardens and fields will be found in Mr. Evelyn's *Sylva*, p. 625.

In Mold Church, in Flintshire, is an epitaph on Dr. William Wynne, written by himself, in which are these words :—

"In conformity to an ancient usage,  
From a proper regard to decency,  
And a concern for the health

Of his fellow-creatures,  
He was moved to give particular directions  
for being buried in the adjoining churchyard,

And not in the church."

In 1776, the king of France prohibited the burying in churches.

In America, the practice of burying in churches is not yet abolished, either by law or by common sense. But ideas of a better mode are gradually advancing among them; and in time we shall probably observe an absolute divorce pronounced between the church and the cemetery, so that they shall not only cease to be one and the same, but even be removed from each other's neighbourhood.

#### JESUIT'S BARK.

THE first book on the virtues of this medicine was printed at London in 1682, and entitled, *The English Remedy; or, Talbor's Wonderful Secret for Curing of Agues and Fevers*. By Sir Robert Talbor. This work was a mere translation from a French book, written by the surgeon to the duke of Orleans. In 1683, Dr. Gideon Harvey published a small tract, called *The Conclave of Physicians, with a Discourse on the Jesuit's Bark*, in which he treats some of the greatest names in his profession with much acurrility and contempt. Alluding to Dr. Talbor, he says, "Though this Jesuit's powder is not a medicine newly found out, but revived by a debauched apothecary's apprentice of Cambridge, in the application to all intermittent fevers, and he, in this empirical practice, most diligently imitated by our most famous physic doctors, as their Esculapius and first master (a hopeful tribe, in the mean time, that shall leave their sense, reason, and dog-mata, to follow a quack or empiric.)" Dr. Birch notices, that, in 1680, Talbor's febrifuge of the bark was mentioned to the Royal Society. Madame de Motteville, in the Memoirs of Queen Anne of Austria, vol. 5, p. 208, says, that in 1663, the queen being ill of a fever, the physicians gave her the Jesuit's bark, which removed it for a time. This shows the practice of it before Sir Robert Talbor was applied to. Madame de Motteville, who was never absent from the queen, and is minute to a great degree in whatever concerned her, could not be

mistaken. The contents of Talbor's book are given in Mr. Baker's manuscripts.

#### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

A FILTHY wretch, in a red jacket, who frequents Merrion-square, Dublin, observing an elderly lady alone, implored charity in the name of all the saints of the calendar, vowing to God, if she did not give him a tenpenny, he would, that day, be driven to do a deed his nature shuddered at; yet he would do it before sunset. Alarmed at his situation, the pious old lady, imagining he meditated suicide, gave him the money, and implored him to think of his immortal soul, and do nothing rashly, adding—"But pray, my poor friend, what is it you would have been driven to do?" "Ah, my lady!" said the arch wag, tossing up the tenpenny, "I should have been driven to work for the bit, which I won't do, please God, while this holds, any how!"

HANDEL, who was one of the greatest gluttons of the age, frequently ordered a dinner at a tavern for five, when only himself was to partake of it. Having once ate so immoderately as to be nearly deprived of all power of respiration, a physician, a friend of his, was called in, who, hoping to alarm him out of his beastly custom, directly told him he was a dead man. "Are there then no hopes?" said Handel. "None," replied the friend. "Say you so?" rejoined the other; "then I'll make the most of my time," and immediately devoured the remainder of the dish with a voraciousness that must have killed any other man in the world but himself.

#### NOTICE TO READERS.

THE present number, with a Supplement, which forms No. 261 of the MIRROR, containing a fine Portrait on Steel, with a Biographical Memoir of his Majesty, completes our Ninth Volume. Our new volume will be commenced during a period of great literary interest: for, two important works from the pens of eminent master-spirits of the age will appear during the week of the publication of our first number. In order therefore to keep up the character and spirit of the MIRROR, we intend producing a Supplement devoted to select extracts from the new works of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Moore, and which will be published with the current number of the MIRROR, on Saturday next, July the 7th.

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